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AARDVARK-VANAHEIM PRESENTS

CEREBUS

85
APR

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N O T E • F R O M • T H E P R E S I D E N T

I have a great deal of admiration for the Rolling Stones. For their longevity, their individuality, and (yes) for the sheer bad-ness of it all.

I feel very much the dinosaur in a world of forelock-tugging, flag-waving, obsequious Bruce Springsteen, of patriotic rock 'n' roll, working class rock 'n' roll, famine relief rock 'n' roll.

Mick Jagger in an Uncle Sam hat, or draped in the Union Jack is an altogether different message. One can hardly picture the candidates for president in '88 actively seeking the Glimmer Twins' endorsement and a political benefit concert or two.

They're dangerous to the public good. Always have been. Even when it was dangerous to be dangerous, they hung on. Eye make-up bother you? Don't like lines like "You can cream on me"? Don't like four letter words on national A*M*E*R*I*C*A*N television.

Well that's **your** problem, innit?

It's so safe to be dangerous now that being dangerous has become another trendy lifestyle --- fashionable leathers and handcuffs --- yuppie S & M --- excess in moderation.

"Don't wanna be nobody's toe-rag, don't wanna be shit upon an' I don't wanna be nobody's beast of burden, neither.

The delivery is Blanche Dubois. Fading but imperious. Or Marlene Dietrich as the years take their toll. It is a style and an image and a presence very much of its time but, disquietingly, timeless as well.

I'm not stealin' it, really. Just borrow'n it f'awhile.

Zat awright?

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CEREBUS

NO. 85 APRIL 1986

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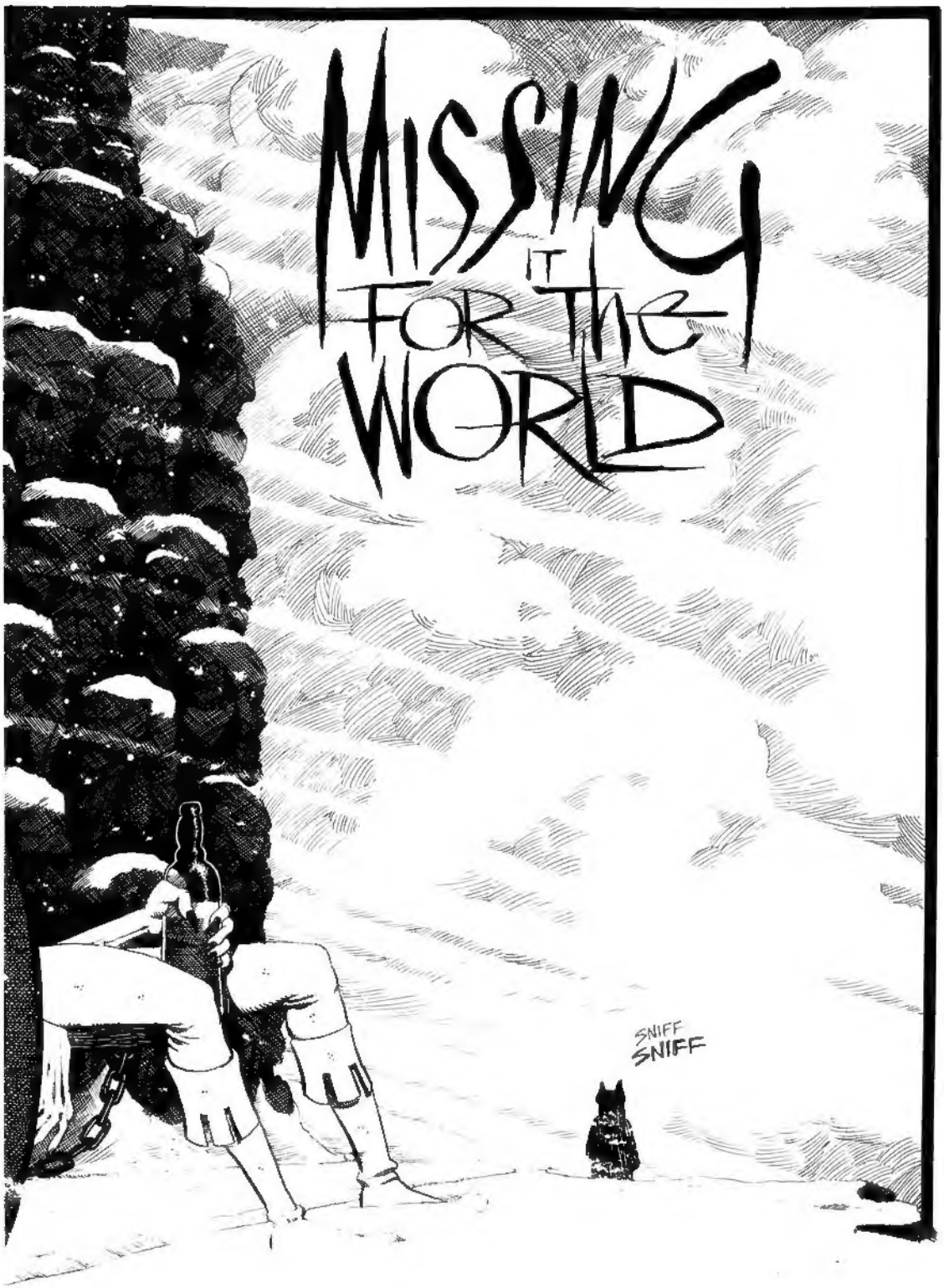

MISSING IT FOR THE WORLD
SNIFF
SNIFF

AH-HEM!
SHE'S LYIN' MATE! I NEVER SEEN 'ER BEFORE IN ME LIFE! I-- I-- OH.....
MUST'VE DRIFTE' OFF THERE
DID I MISS ENNYFING...?

WELL...
IT'S SNOWING ...
SNIF
SOW IT IS SOW IT IS ...
FANCY THA'
I 'AVEN'T SLEP' THROUGH ANUVVER AUTUMN, 'AVE I?
I 'ATE IT WHEN THA' 'APPENS ...
CEREBUS DOESN'T THINK SO...
uh -- IS THAT HUNDRED AND FIFTY PROOF T'CAPMIN WHISKEY?
WHERE'S ME MANNERS?
FINISH I' OFF IF Y'LIKE -- I'VE GOT MORE IN TH' CARRIAGE
NO PROBLEM ...
CEREBUS?
DID YOU SAY... CEREBUS?

Y'MEAN
TH' PRIME MINISTUH AN' THE--AH--POWP AN'...UH...
THA' LOT?
AYE.
A POWP!
FANCY THA'.
WE'VE NEVER MET A POWP AVE WE, KEEF?
WOT...
I SAID--"WE'VE NEVER MET A ...
NEVER MIND DEAR IT'S NOT IMPOR'AN'
DON'T F'GET T'BLINK NOW 'N' AGAIN SO'S YER EYES DON' GO ALL CRUSTY ON YOU.

BLINK
BLINK
BLINK
BLINK
BLINK
BLINK
NOICE...
FANK YOU..
TSK.
I FEAR THA' PRINCE KEEF HAS PARTA'EN ONCE MORE O' THE ILLIC!' FRUI' O' THE POPPY ...
DOWN'T MIND REALLY, BUT IT SOR'OF PUTS A DAMPER ON TH' LIVELY AR' OF CONVULHSATION ...
POWIP Y'SAY?

UNNERSTAN' Y'GE' A LOT OF YOUNG FLESH IN THA' LINE OF WORK ...
HUH?
YOUNG FLESH... YOU' NOW...
DOLLIES
TRIM
THE OWLD IN OUT IN OUT
CEREBUS WAS MARRIED ONCE...
I MUS' CONFESS I'VE NEVAH BEEN THA' 'ARD UP FOR IT ...
OWLD KING DAD WUZ ON US ABOU' THA'
WANTED KEEF 'N' I T'MARRY A COUPLA SMINA BIRDS
QUI'E A SIGHT THEY WUZ, TOO ...
HAD A COUPLA LADIES-IN-WAITIN' WITH SHOE-HORNS T'GET THEIR BUTTOCKS FREW DOORWAYS...
SOW WE NICKED TH' CARRIAGE 'N' A DROIVER 'N' SET OUT T' MAKE OUR FORT-CHOON ...

ACTUALLY...
THIS TASTES A LITTLE DIFFERENT THAN CEREBUS REMEMBERED
COU'SE IT DOES. IT'S A SPECIAL BLEND
'ALF WHISKEY. 'ALF CODEINE.
IT'S MAKING CEREBUS FEEL A BIT....
...SICK...
STRICTLY TEMPORARY OY ASSURE YOU...
SOON AS Y' THROW UP IT'S QUITE LUVLY
AS SOON AS I
HUL*
THEY Y'GOW
HA

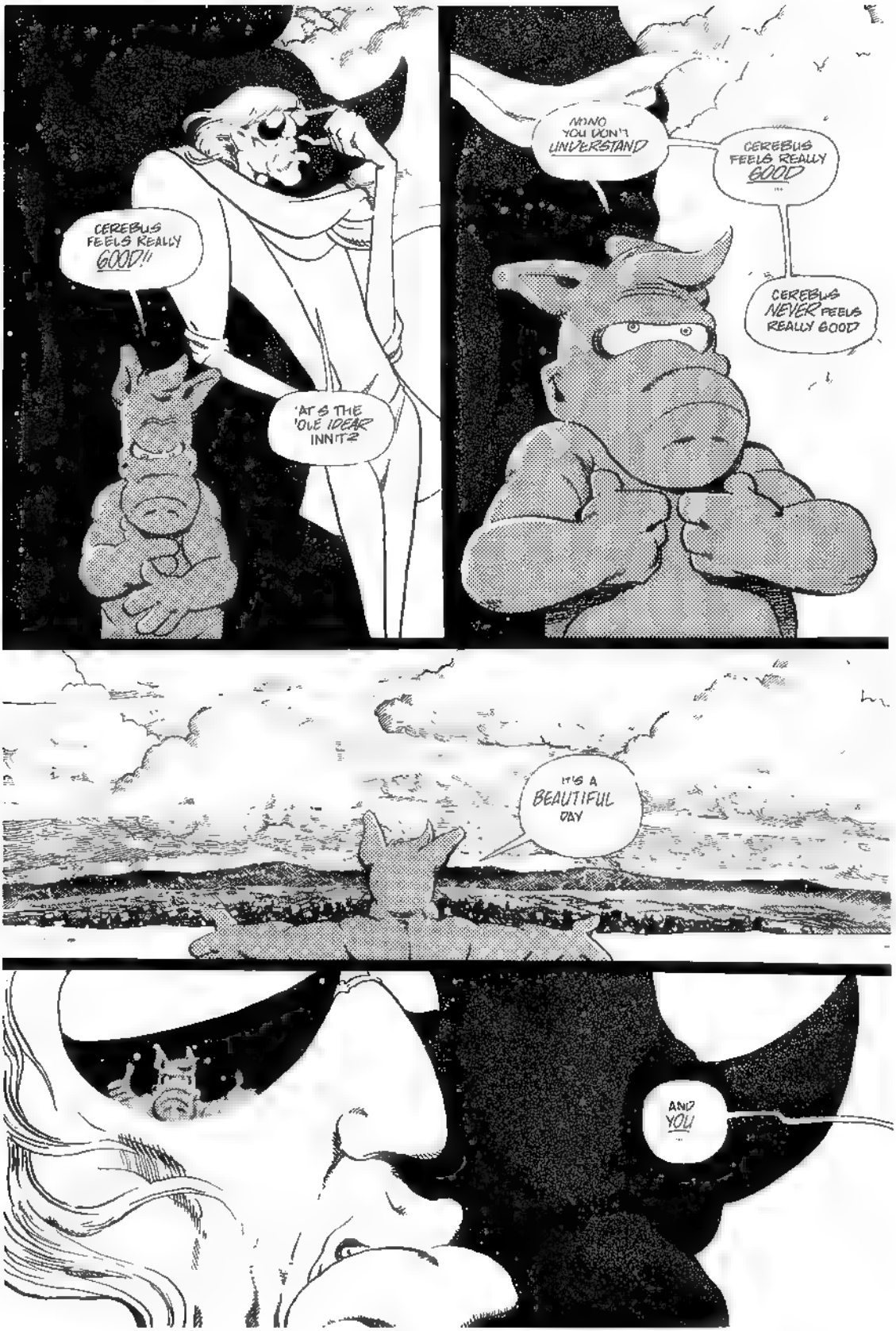
OH WAOW ...
MOIND YOU, WE 'AVEN'T EXACTLY MADE OUR FORT-CHOON. MOS' OF WOT WE BROUGH' IS COURSIN' FREW KEEF'S VEINS ...
SOW T' SPEAK...
WE'RE ALL PLANTS
CEREBUS CAN FEEL IT...
WISH TH' BLEEDIN' DROIVER WOULD GET BACK WITH TH' REPLACEMEN' AXEL OR SPOWK OR WHA'EVER IT IS...
I'M NOT LOOKIN' FORWARD T' TELLIN' OL' KEEF THAT WE SHANT 'AVE ENOUGH FOR 'IS WAKEY WAKEY DOWSE ...
DEMON HEADS AN' SCUWNS
BIT ODD IF Y' ASK ME ...
STICK IT BACK ON BEFORE THE SAP FREEZES!! ...
GAH!

HE DRANK WOT?
COR.- NUFFINK WRONG WIF 'IS 'EARIN'
I SAID 'THE DROIVER SHOULD BE ALONG ANYTOIME NOW WIF Y'SIX O'CLO' FEEDIN', DEAR..'
OOPS UOPS OOPS
OY..
WE'VE STOPPED
E'S BRILLIAN' IN 'IS OWN WAY..
'AVE YSELF A LITTLE LIE-DOWN AN' IT'LL BE SIX O'CLO' BEFO' Y'NOW IT..

OY
PROMISE
SIX
O'CLO
ON TH
DOT

WHOA
THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE
'ZERE SOME REASON FOR A POWP T'BE OUT WANDRIN' ONNA SOIDE OF A MOUN'AIN...?
YOU...em.. ON A CRUSIDE OR A PIWGRIMAGE OR SUMMIT...?
ACTUALLY, CEREBUS HAD HIS HOTEL SMASHED AND DEPOSED BY A GIANT SIZED MAGICALLY ANIMATED STATUE NAMED THRUNK THAT USED TO BE A MAGICIAN NAMED NECROSS THE HAHAHAHAD THAT THREW CEREBUS INTO THE LOWER CITY THIS MORNING AND NOW CEREBUS IS CLIMBING BACK UP THERE
AD A FEW DAYS LOIK THA' MESELF RECENCY

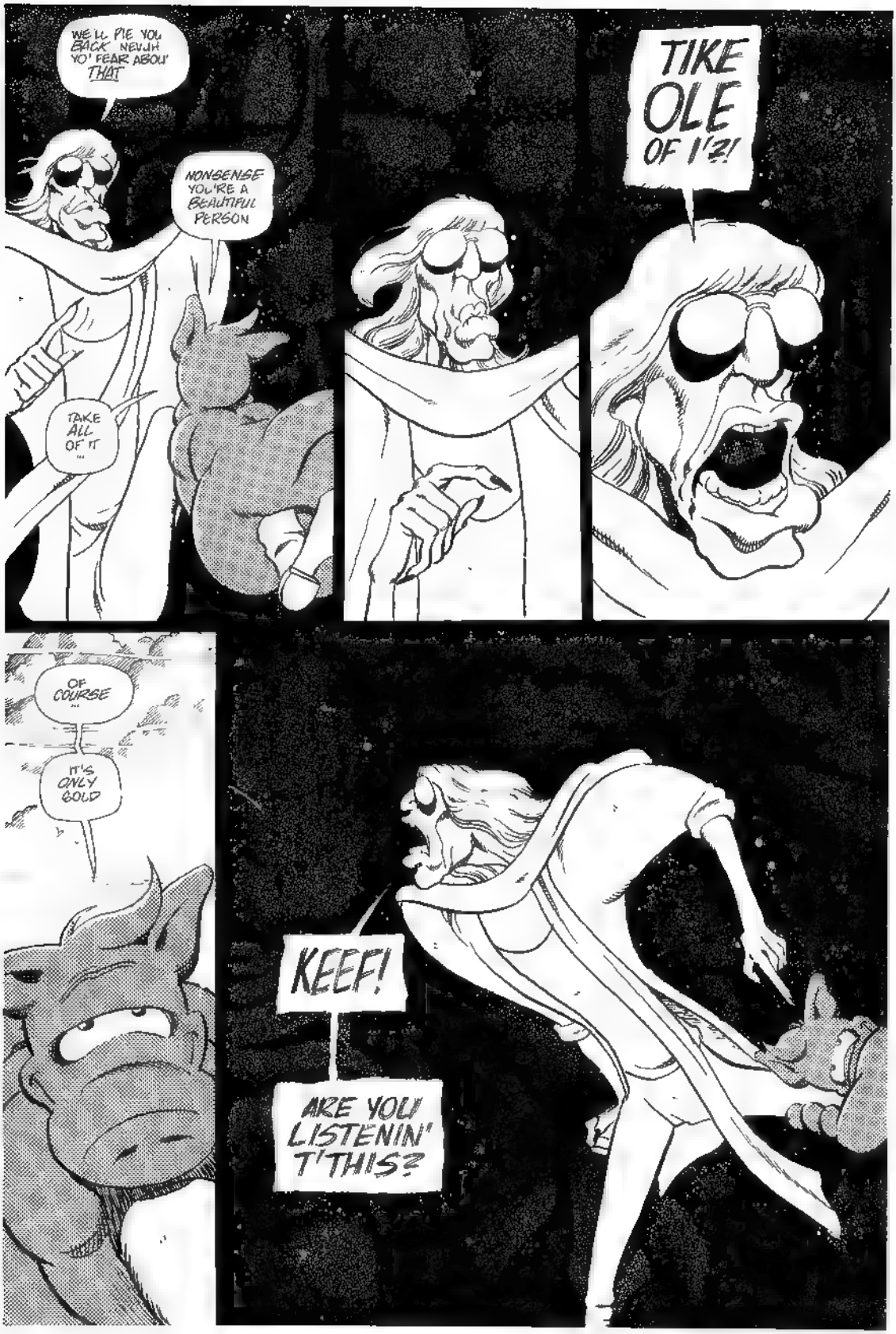
AS SOMEFEEN OF AN EXPER' IN THESE AREAS OY WOULD SUGGES' THAT YOU DINT GET EVERTHIN' OUT TH' FUHST TOIME ...
AND I WOULD STRONGLY ADVOISE FROWIN' UP AGAIN...
CEREBUS CAN'T
CEREBUS CAN'T EBUS
CAN'T CEREBUS
O' COUYSE Y' CAN
TROY FINKIN' ABOL' EATIN' A BOWL O' DEAD MAGGOTS ...
'OW ZAT?
WHELP

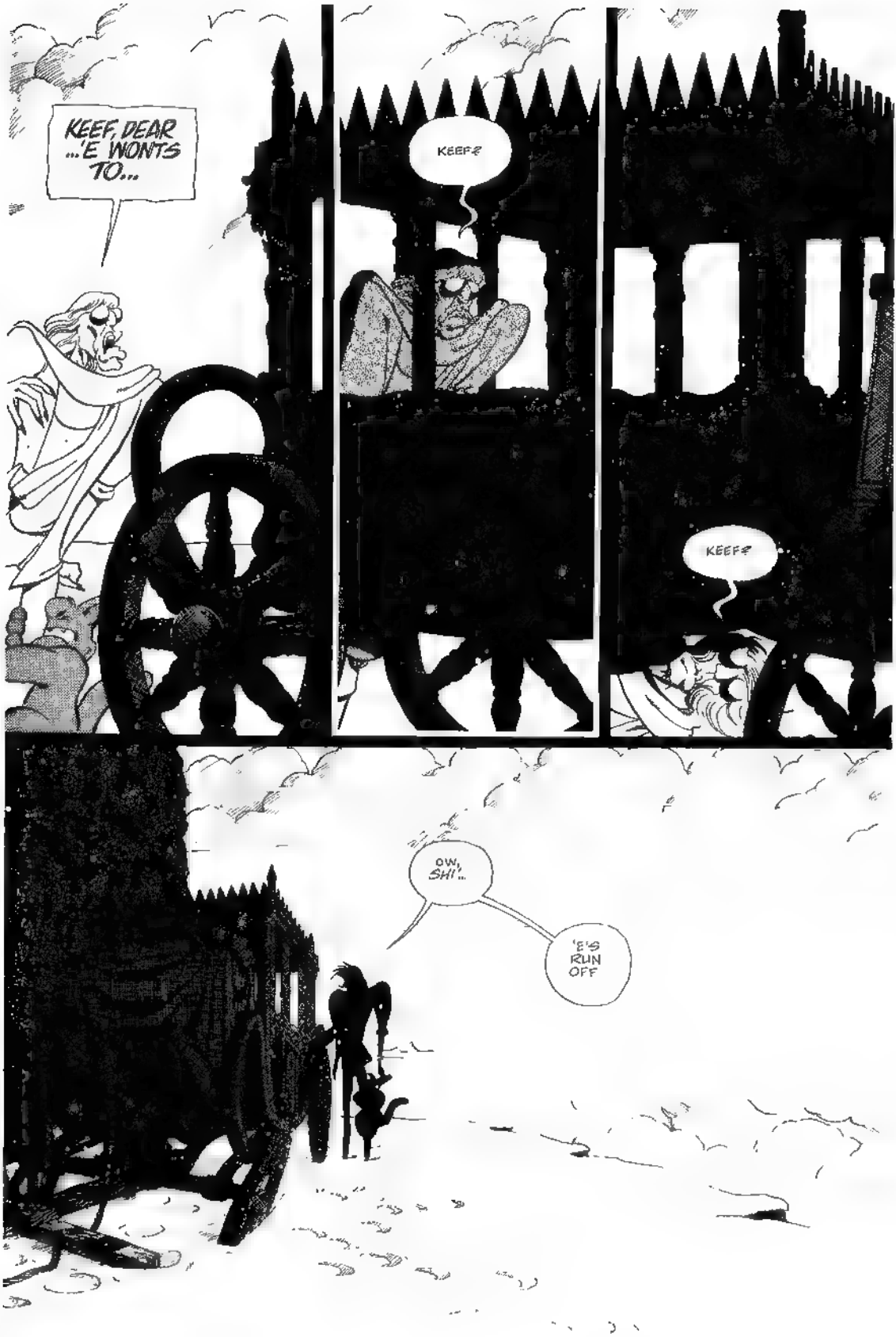

CEREBUS FEELS REALLY GOOD!!
'AT'S THE 'OLE IDEAR INNIT?
MONO YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND
CEREBUS FEELS REALLY GOOD
CEREBUS NEVER FEELS REALLY GOOD
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY
AND YOU

SHARING YOUR WHISKEY WITH CEREBUS ...
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL THING TO...
KEEP Y'HANDS T' Y'SELF ...
OY'VE 'EARD ABOUT YOU POWPS ...
CARRYIN' ON WIF YOUNG BOYS AN' CLOWSE RELATIVES 'N' SUCH...
OY FINK IT'S QUI'E DISGUSTIN' ...
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND -- YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PERSON CEREBUS HAS EVER MET...
CEREBUS WANTS TO GIVE YOU A BIG HUG!
WOT? AN' GET SOME NIMELESS 'N' DREADFOE POWP DISEASE?
OY SHOULD FINK NOT!

'ERE! WOT'TA Y'DOIN'?! STOP THA'...
OH LORD LUV A DUCK...
ANDVVER FOUR WEEKS SOWKIN' ME YA YA'S IN KEROSENE
OY CAHN'T STAN IT.
OY REA'LLY CAHN'T
CEREBUS IS SO HAPPY!!
CEREBUS IS SO HAPPY AS SOON AS CEREBUS IS POPE AGAIN, CEREBUS IS GOING TO GIVE AWAY ALL OF HIS GOLD ...

THAT'S LUVLY-- BLOODY FANTASTIC- NOW WOULD YOU MOIND LETTIN' GOWA ME
GOWLD?
AYE
'OW... 'EM..
'OW MUCH GOWLD? ...
EVERY GOLD PIECE IN THE CITY ...
EXCEPT THE ONES THAT WERE BURIED...
AN' Y'GONNA GIVE IT A WHY?
AYE
EVERY LAST PIECE
Y'FINK KEEF 'N' OY COULD 'AVE SOME OF IT?
'TIL WE CAN MAKE OUR FORT-CHOON OY MEAN
OH AYE, ALL YOU WANT


WE'LL PIE YOU BACK NEVUH YO' FEAR ABOU' THAT
NONSENSE YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL PERSON
TAKE ALL OF IT ...
TIKE OLE OF I'Z!
OF COURSE ...
IT'S ONLY GOLD
KEEP!
ARE YOU LISTENIN' T'THIS?


KEEF, DEAR ...'E WONTS TO...
KEEF?
KEEF?
OW, SHI'..
'E'S RUN OFF

SHAKE
SHAKE
SHAKE
T'S NOW USE
ZIP!
OY SHAN'T BE ABLE TO WIZZ PROPER TIL OY CAN FIND A WALL WOT AIN'T STARIN AT ME
PER'APS ARD IN NIS CORNUH

HAVE--AH SAY- HAVE THE SACRED WARS COME BY HYAR ALREADY, OR AM AH EARLY...?
PREMATURE THAT IS...
OY PROMISE C'I'LL BE GOOD OYPROMISE OY PROMISE OY PROMISE OY PROMISE
JUS' MIKE I' GOW AWHY

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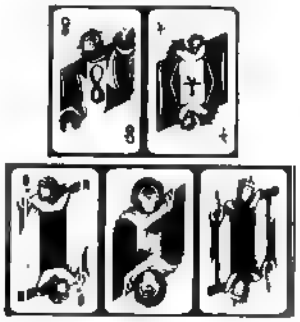

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AARDVARK COMMENT

P.O. BOX 1674, STATION 'C', KITCHENER, ONTARIO N2G 4R2

Dear Dave.

This is really very funny, because --- when I saw you at the New York Con in September and felt too shy to speak to you, all I wanted to ask you was --- what is your definition of art? And then I thought you'd be back in January and I was sure I'd get my courage up by then, but you obviously changed your plans and now Kevin Robert Cassidy has beat me to it. That's okay. I've been searching for a definition of art for some time, for my own nefarious purposes. I started with Gombrich. Gombrich is way up on the top shelf and I don't feel like climbing up there to check but I'm pretty sure he's the one who wrote, "There is no such thing as Art; there are only artists". I liked that but it wasn't quite what I was looking for. Then I remembered reading something in Herbert Read's **A Concise History of Modern Art** (I think) and I did thumb through that one (it's on the bottom shelf) but couldn't find it, so maybe it was someone else who wrote that "art is a continuous universal activity." That's okay as far as it goes, except that it doesn't go very far at all, and besides there are lots of other continuous universal activities. Like breathing. But I thought it was a good start, so I worked with it for awhile and came up with the following:

art is an activity, the result of which is an image.

I was happy with that (and was peddling it all over the place) until some wiseguy pointed out that there are lots of activities which produce images which could not possibly be considered works of art. (For example, typing is an activity which resulted in this letter, an image of my thoughts.) So I figured, I just had to be a bit more specific, and I'd have it. Finally, I came up with this:

art is an activity, the result of which is an image, which is also called art, and which serves no practical purpose whatsoever.

This definition would cover things which appear to be useful but really aren't, like Picasso's cups and saucers, and certain chairs on display at the Museum of Modern Art. **Cerebus** certainly qualifies as art under this definition, though I admit it needs more work, it needs to be refined (the definition I mean, not **Cerebus**)

Now, all you have to do is print this letter, along with a thoughtful reply, and you won't have to take me out to dinner the next time you're in town.

I'm getting much too old for that sort of thing, anyway.

Sincerely,

R Shamansky
83-19 141st Street
Brairwood, NY., 11435

I think we define art for ourselves and the passage of time defines Art.

****

Dave,

Hi, it's time for a serious, articulate, letter. So all you letter page fanatics who search ever-so-belligerently for a McCulloch or Bannon letter, skip this!

Now that I've gotten rid of all the dudheads I can give you some serious criticism without being dismissed as a total asshole. I would first like to mention the fact that I'm not a super dedicated Cerebus fan, but I do like the comic. It's just that I think it's deteriorating. Your comic is visually magnificent, but your stories are gradually "shrinking". The quality is not getting worse but the amount is. I read Cerebus #82 and walked away from it disappointed. Maybe it was an off issue but I get the feeling that you are sacrificing the writing so you can include more art. Please, I implore you to return to the old style of Cerebus. I am also going to criticize the letters page. Please don't do any more pictures, go back to the normal format, letters and answers, not pictures.

I did love the cover of #82.

Now that I've gotten all that off my chest and I feel like a good citizen I would not like to make myself worthy of getting this letter printed. I'm going to give you a chance to have a snappy, witty response. I'm going to say "I bet this letter will never get printed" (an old trick I picked up from reading back issues of Supervillain team-up's letter page) and you will respond with "You're right, it never got printed", and everyone will laugh (if we're lucky). Ok, on three, one--two--three, I bet this letter will never get printed.....

Kristian Moen
28 Cocks Way S.E.,
Medicine Hat, Alberta
T1B 1R7

Why don't you stick to Super-

villain Team-up, asshole. Dismissed.

****

Dear Dave:

You wanna know what **I** think? I think the magic alexes are both "a kind of test" **and** "a hallmark of the weakness of the human spirit." **And,** not **or** like karnak of the old kirby-lee inhumans, who divined the weakest point in anything and struck just **there,** with "gifts" of drugs, sexuality, money, power or such. And since everyone and thing **has** a weakness somewhere, the magic alexes are a "hallmark" as you say. But the "test" is one of exactly **how** weak the prey is. And most are very weak. Genius, talent, skill and the like do not ensure strength of will. Grace, beauty, powerful charisma... none of those ensure strength of will. Like unlinked chromosomes, these gifts are independent of spiritual integrity, and can be split apart from the personality by a magic alex... or by unkind fate. What does the magic alex gain? A livelihood, something similar to that a shark gains by eating young bathers or a cow gains by chewing up the flowers in bloom. Spiritual confidence men are only as dangerous as financial confidence men – if you can see through the con, you're not going to be a victim. The sad part is that great imaginative poets don't always have the practicality to see the con, nor the strength of will to resist the "gifts" of the tempter. We lose an awful lot of poets that way. It's terrible to see it happen. Good luck, pal!

Cat Yronwode
Protector of Poets

You take my point.

****

Dear David,

Thank you for recognizing me in Aardvark Comment.

On analysis things are interesting.

Since you used part of my letter you quoted me, which was a quote from the Annotated Alice which was quoting from **Jurgen,** which was a quote a character made in the story.

Are we laughing yet?

Fred Glaser

Reminds me of eight, nine years ago when I called the VIA rail 800 number in Toronto to check the schedule on Kitchener-Toronto trains. A recording came on "All our operators are busy at this time please hold until the next one is available" (or some such). I listened and I heard what I thought was a very quiet "hello". I listened harder and distinctly heard a "hello". "Great", thought I, "a lousy connection". I said "hello" rather louder than is normally my wont (as if I were calling directory assistance in Europe) and, maintaining an even decibel level, I began to ask after the fortunes of my train. Pausing for breath I heard a theatrically emphatic, albeit enfeebled (you guessed it) "hello!!" (I have included two exclamation points for the benefit of the less-literate more visually-disposed among you).

Naturally, with such escalating of tensions I switched to a new emphasis of my own. "HELLO!!!" rather like my European country had slipped recently from the coddling embrace of The Great Republic into the hands of Those Who Cannot Make The Phones Run on Time and I was seeking after the status of aged infirm relatives.

I heard the click of receiver being replaced (or plug pulled...an insult in any man's language).

Dialing quickly I endured the message once more.

"Hello." Not as faint this time. "Hello!!!" (yes, three of them, I wasn't taking any chances)

And then I heard a man's voice "Hello?"

A supervisor, I surmised. Must be a cable down or something. "Hello!! Hello!! He had the reasonale tone of someone who would find three exclamation points extravagant.

I was about to say "Hello" again when I thought I heard the operator laugh. Then I thought I heard the supervisor laugh. Then I could hear a lot of laughter and operators saying "Hello" some irritated, some calm, some shrill. My God I thought, someone's put acid in VIA rail's water supply!

That was when I figured out that we were all incoming calls waiting for the next operator available and of course I laughed (quite loudly, too). Immediately, the clearest voices all adopted a very belligerent tone and they snarled "Hellos" at me until there was a click and (quite clearly, indeed) a voice said "VIA rail, may I help you?"

****

Dear Dave,

This is my third try. I have already tossed two half-written letters into the Stop & Shop bag that serves me as a wastebasket. Both letters were about how disappointing issue #82 was. After all it left Cerebus exactly where #81 left him. Those doomed letters also mentioned how after #'s 77 and 78 psychadelia should probably be avoided for a while. But since those letters are headed for different planes of existence I decided that this one should be about something else.

Sam Lowry
Box 645, Hampshire College
Amherst, MA., 01002

Can you imagine what the other two atrocities were like?

CEREBUS
WANTS ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND RESERVED COPIES OF THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLE/ CEREBUS CROSSOVER BOOKS OR CEREBUS' BUDDIES HERE START BREAKING HEADS!!
YEAH!
AUTO-GRAPHED TOO!!
RYAN 86

CEREBUS AND THE TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES BY RYAN BROWN.

NICE JOB. HOPE THE BOOK LOOKS THAT GOOD.

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Issue #14 of newsletter wil[l] excerpts f[rom] the 1982 US [Sum]mary.

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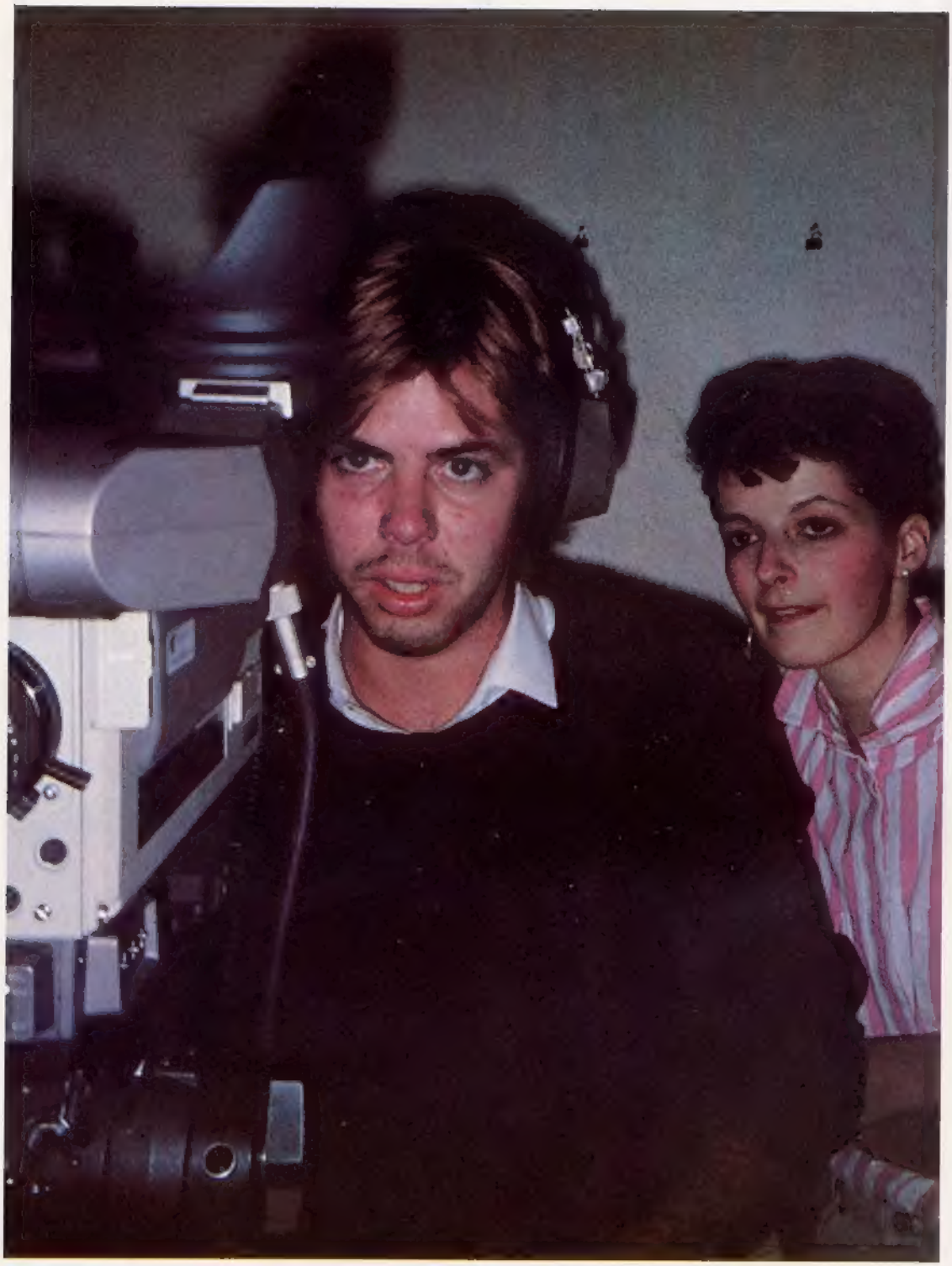

March 12, 1986. I'm reviewing the video tape of Karen McKiel's interview for a documentary being done about the three of us. Karen wouldn't let me stay in the office while it was being shot so this was the first time I saw it. That's Karen looking uncertain (one of her job skills).

Photo by Gerhard